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C H I L D R E N.

By a L A D Y. *k*

L O D D O N,

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CONTENTS.

	Page
INTRODUCTION to Scene I.....	5
Rudeness. Scene. I.....	7
Introduction to Scene II.....	16
Perverseness. Scene II.....	19
Candour. Scene III.....	39
Pride. Scene IV.....	47
Fear. Scene V.....	69
Sickness. Scene VI.....	79
Conclusion. Scene VII.....	90



INTRODUCTION to SCENE I.

MRS. *Denby* was one of the best mothers in the world; she was a widow lady of good fortune, left with two children, *Edward* and *Maria*, to whom she devoted her whole time.

Edward was an open, noble-spirited boy, fond of a little mischief indeed, and very noisy and rude; but he never would persist in a fault, and had not the least degree of perverseness in his nature.

Maria was also generous and amiable; her capacity was surprisingly quick: but she would not easily own herself in the wrong, and at the age of ten, shewed a turn of ridicule and remark, likely, as she grew up, to degenerate into sarcasm and censoriousness.

Without the greatest care too, she would have been artful; for she had skill enough to form any little plans, and dexterity to extricate herself from every unpleasant consequence attending them.

But with all this, she had extreme sensibility, was the idol of the servants, and particularly good-natured and obliging to her inferiors.

Mrs. *Denby* had penetration to discover the faults of her beloved children; and it was the principal object of her attention to correct them.

The tenderness mixed with her reproofs, seldom failed of success; she opened their understandings, she appealed to their hearts, and they rectified their conduct themselves.

SCENES for CHILDREN, &c.

SCENE the FIRST.

R U D E N E S S.

A Dressing Room in Mr. Denby's House.

Enter Mrs. DENBY, EDWARD, and MARIA.

Mrs. DENBY.

I AM very much displeased with each of you; did you not promise me, if I would take you out yesterday evening, to behave in such a manner as would reflect honour on yourselves, and give pleasure to me? *Edward*, I shall begin with you.

EDWARD.

With me, Mamma? Why, what harm did I do?

Mrs. DENBY.

Do! indeed! as soon as you came into Mrs. *Blake's* parlour, you seized hold of their large spaniel dog, who was sleeping quietly by the fire, jumped on his back, and made him bark so loud, that we could not hear ourselves speak, till he had fairly kicked you off; when he was turned out of the

the room, not knowing what to do with yourself, you took your filthy gingerbread, and though I bid you put it into your pocket again, you would not attend me till you had daubed your mouth from ear to ear. Then your face and hands were to be washed, and whilst the nursery maid was holding the basin, you slyly drew out at that rude plaything, a *squirt*, and, without being perceived, wetted the poor servant's cap and clean apron, and squirted the water over all that stood next her. Fie upon it, *Edward!*

EDWARD.

Mamma, we do so every day at school, and the boys only laugh, as you know Mrs. *Blake* did, when she saw the maid caper, and wonder where the water came from.—She bounced like my trap-ball.

Mrs. DENBY.

Though ill manners is always wrong, there are times and seasons where it is particularly so.

Thus, with your school-fellows you may make as much noise as you chuse; but when you do so here, you know, *Edward*, how violently you make my head-ach. Your squirt may be very amusing to children like yourself; but to expose a servant to the laugh of a company, has something of unfeelingness and mischief, which I am sorry to perceive in you.

EDWARD.

It did not hurt her a jot, and I offered her a
piece

piece of my gingerbread afterwards; but madam fulked forsooth! and would not touch it.

Mrs. DENBY.

It was not fulkiness; but a proper respect to herself: you had no right to insult her because she was only a servant, and she felt it.

EDWARD.

Well, I will give her my last new shilling for a ribbon: will that do?

Mrs. DENBY.

No; you shall ask her pardon first: the same person that had spirit to refuse your cakes, would despise your money, and I must tell you, *Edward*, money is no compensation for any ridicule; it is the *mind* you wound, and to this you must make the confession. Servants are our inferiors merely from their situation: they often possess as much understanding, fidelity, and merit as ourselves; and we too often plead the very circumstance which entitles them to our tenderness as an excuse for our tyranny.—“That they are *beneath us*!

Remember then, my dear boy, this is the strongest reason in the world, not only for your humanity towards them, but your *courtesy*; and observe, I do not censure your rudeness as a breach of decorum (though this it is also) so much as a want of feeling.

And now, *Maria*, let me ask you, what made you titter in that uncivil manner at Mrs. *Dorothy Morris*?

MARIA.

MARIA.

Because, Mamma, a piece of toast dropt out of her mouth just as she was speaking to you.

Mrs. DENBY.

Was that a cause for treating so good an old lady disrespectfully?

She is seventy years of age, and can do nothing as quick as you: besides, the same little accident might have happened to any body.

But you, *Maria*, have no excuse, who have been always reminded of the respect due to age, and the tenderness to infirmities.

MARIA.

Mamma, it was not only at her that I laughed: there was Miss *Fanny Blake* you know, her hair was so cropt, almost off her head I declare, and she shewed her ears, and she is not pretty, Mamma: then her skirt underneath her frock was quite a red, which you say is so flaming a colour, and she looked so old-fashioned on the whole: as to her sash, I am sure she tied it on herself.—and

Mrs. DENBY.

Stop, *Maria*: I scarcely can believe it to be you; laugh at any one for their dress! why then you would admire them for the same trifling thing, if it had happened to suit your taste! silly little girl! I am astonished and ashamed of you! I thought you would have recollected too, what you have been so often told, that there never was a very wise, or a very good person, who studied dress,

MARIA.

MARIA.

If dress does not signify at all, Mamma, what is the reason you will never let me wear coloured skirts, and always put me on nice white frocks, and never buy a fine gown for yourself?

Mrs. DENBY.

Neatness is very important, though finery is not; for your own sake, you ought to be quite clean; and if you always wear one kind of linen, it takes up no time or attention to consult about it, and you squander none of your money in new fashioned patterns and ornaments; and I was in hopes it would have made you so indifferent to dress in general, that you would not have been able to tell what clothes other people wore.

MARIA.

Well, but Mamma, after all, she was dressed out very tawdry.

Mrs. DENBY.

It is probable this was not her fault: suppose I bought you a yellow bonnet, and a blue cloak, and a scarlet gown, would it not be hard to laugh at you for wearing them? Children are dressed in the taste of those who buy their clothes, you know.

MARIA.

But, Mamma, she was so ignorant too.—

Mrs. DENBY.

Pray, what did not she understand as well as you? I only observed you all playing at Teetotum.

MARIA.

MARIA.

Oh! but she could not spin it, nor put this puzzling cross together, and when we played at "What's my thoughts like?" she always said when it came to her turn, she could not tell! it was so stupid you know, Mamma!

MRS. DENBY.

My dear child! do you think these are accomplishments! innocent sports indeed they are, and fit for your age and capacity; but you may have perfect skill in every amusement of the kind, without an improved mind or good understanding.

And now I must inform you, Miss *Fanny Blake* is very much superior, not only to you, but to every girl of her years that I have seen, both in knowledge and sense.

She can give the heads of the *Greek* and *Roman* history from memory; has made great proficiency in grammar, geography, and *French*, and is mentioned every where as a prodigy.

MARIA.

Dear! I could not have believed it! for afterwards we sat down to play at questions, where the rule is, you know, to answer without saying ay, no, or yes. Well, this Miss *Fanny* was caught every time, and when we had gone round a little while, she said she would not play any more, for it taught deceit, and then to be sure we did all burst out a laughing.

MRS. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

This is a proof to me that her heart is as excellent as her capacity; I never approved that play, *Maria*, and it has often concerned me to see how skilful you were at it.

You have evaded every inquiry for an hour together, and it leads imperceptibly to equivocation and falsehood.

Miss *Fanny*'s governess once told me, she had never detected her in an untruth, and neither of you, I must own, are addicted to this mean vice. How did she bear your laughing at her?

MARIA.

Why, Mamma, she took no more notice of us than if we had not been there; indeed we hardly thought she could have heard us, and yet she must have done it, for it was quite in her face: so we whispered, that she was proud, and did not invite her to come and see us, with *Emma* and *George Blake*; I wish I had.

But, Mamma, why did not you tell me Miss *Fanny* was so very sensible before?

Mrs. DENBY.

To see how far your penetration would go, and it only found out she was ill dressed!

This was a reason you thought for treating her rudely, and with contempt!

How rightly are you served, my dear *Maria*!

MARIA.

But, Mamma, could not you ask her to come and see me?

B

Mrs.

Mrs. DENBY.

On one condition, I will engage to procure you, not only her acquaintance but her friendship.

MARIA.

Dear! I would do any thing.

Mrs. DENBY.

Are you quite sure you have greatness of mind enough, to tell her how much you feel ashamed of yourself for your behaviour?

MARIA.

But, Mamma, could not you say this for me?

Mrs. DENBY.

I will not; nor shall she visit you, unless you do, and think what an acquisition you will lose!

EDWARD.

Pshaw, *Maria!* I do not mind asking pardon of the nursery-maid; and *George Blake* told me she was a cross-grained huffey: I am sure Miss *Fanny* will forgive you sooner.

Mrs. DENBY.

Edward, I desire you will not repeat any thing *George* says against her; he is a self-willed boy, and his Mamma indulges him in his airs and humours.

Bridget, to whom you behaved so ill, is a most valuable servant: she has brought up all the children from infants, and deserves every mark of grateful affection.

It is for your sakes I insist on these little acts of humiliation: you have each done wrong: you have each sensibility enough to be uneasy, till I am

am perfectly satisfied with you again, which I shall not be, till you have made reparation for your late conduct.

It will, moreover, impress a sense of right, and of decorum upon your memories.

Happy shall I be, my dear children, by this confession of a fault, to see you acquire a virtue!

END OF SCENE the FIRST.

 INTRODUCTION to SCENE II.

MR. and Mrs. *Blake* lived in town in a very grand stile : their house was magnificent, their equipage splendid, and their company fashionable.

In the country, which Mrs. *Blake* hated, it was somewhat different ; for æconomical reasons, they were obliged to spend half the year there, and Mr. *Blake*, who was of a social temper, chose to be upon a friendly footing with the neighbouring families.

Mrs. *Blake* received them politely indeed ; but in a manner too plainly indicating her own superiority.

Mrs. *Denby*, whose connections happened to be as good as her own, was the only person without a title to whom she did not think she condescended when she returned her visits, and their intimacy proceeded from an acquaintance began in childhood.

It is not to be supposed that so fine a lady as Mrs. *Blake*, would inspect the education of her children herself : it was quite enough to procure proper people to do it : and in this respect, she was uncommonly fortunate. Mademoiselle *Fontagne* was their governess ; she was a woman of singular abilities and virtue, and Mrs. *Blake* no otherwise concerned herself with the matter, than to pay her her salary.

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There were four children ; but only two under her care, *Fanny* and *Emma*.

Fanny was the most amiable creature in the world, with an understanding excellent : she was not indeed one of those sprightly girls, who engage at first sight ; but her capacity for learning, her memory, and her judicious remarks, distinguished her from all other children.

Her sedate temper, with a certain awkwardness in her gait, and a bashful manner, was not likely to call forth the affections of a mother, too much devoted to outward graces and superficial accomplishments.

Indeed, she was quite neglectful of her ; but this was amply made up by the love of the whole family besides, and as to Mademoiselle *Fontagne*, she doated upon *Fanny*.

Emma was only six years old ; she had her sister's sweet temper, though not her talents, and might be led by any one with gentle treatment.

Miss *Blake*, the eldest, had been educated by an aunt in high life, who had taken great pains to instil her own haughtiness into a mind naturally haughty enough.

She was extremely pretty, and, to own the truth, had made some proficiency in dancing, drawing, and music ; but her mind was totally unimproved, and she was vain, flippant, and full of airs.

Twice a year she paid her Mamma a visit, and, to be sure, Mademoiselle *Fontagne* spared no opportunity

of mortifying her pride, and exposing her ignorance. However, she was not long enough at home to reap lasting benefit from reproof or instruction, and her beauty was an excuse for her faults with Mrs. *Blake*.

But the child that was *her* darling, was her son *George*, and a lovely boy he was; enterprising, courageous, and had no disguise; but he was self-willed, headstrong, and violent.

If it had not been for Mademoiselle, he would have been a little tyrant, for he would have every thing his own way, and his Mamma constantly permitted him to have it so; but luckily he was only with her a small part of the day, and was obliged to pass the rest of it in the nursery, which was a terrible place to him, if Mademoiselle had reason to be angry: for she had a manner of impressing fear, and punishing disobedience by her meek looks and words, that even *George*, with all his spirit, was brought to submit, and in her presence, kept in due order.

SCENE the SECOND.

P E R V E R S E N E S S .

A T O Y - S H O P .

*Miss FANNY, GEORGE, and EMMA BLAKE, with
BRIDGET, and the FOOTMAN.*

EMMA.

HERE, sister, the *Dutch* toys are, and the man
driving the ass, and he nods his head every time
you pull the string—Oh! and in that corner of
the window is the little white lamb you told me of.

GEORGE.

And there is a large kite, and a drum, and bat-
tledores, and a chaife.

I should like to have that kite, *Bridget*.

BRIDGET.

You could not make it fly, my dear, if you
had it, and you would not like me to raise it whilst
you run after, without being tall enough to see it
in the air.

GEORGE.

I am sure it is not so heavy, *Bridget*.

BRIDGET.

BRIDGET (*to the shop-man.*)

Take it down, if you please.

(*The man takes it down, and George cannot lift it.*)

FANNY.

Now are you convinced!

GEORGE.

It is not heavy sister, but it is so high: if *Bridget* could once hold it from the ground, I could run with it fast enough, I warrant you.

BRIDGET.

You could not, Master *George*, and must not buy it. There is a smaller one on that side, which would suit your size.

GEORGE.

I will not have a smaller one. Give me that drum.
(*The man gives him the sticks, and he beats it violently.*)

BRIDGET.

Bless my heart! I shall never have a moment's peace, if this noisy toy comes into the nursery—put down the sticks, my dear.

EMMA.

Oh, let me see that wax doll, which opens her eyes, and shut them again.

FANNY.

It costs too much money, *Emma*, and you have three dolls at home already; take the white lamb.

GEORGE.

I will take this whip, however: hear how it smacks!

(*The lash goes into Fanny's eye; he runs to embrace her.*)

FANNY.

FANNY.

Never mind it *George*, the pain will soon be over; you did not mean to hurt me, but do not buy the whip for fear such an accident again.

GEORGE.

Oh! I will take care it shall not happen again, *Fanny*. *Bridget* shall carry it home for me, if you think I shall give it such a smack: but indeed I will not.

BRIDGET.

The least you can do is to oblige your sister after giving her such pain, and she bears it so patiently too.

GEORGE.

You will not let me have any thing that I set my mind upon, *Bridget*: if I may have the large kite or the drum, I do not care for the whip; but I will have my own choice in something.

BRIDGET.

I have given you good reason, Sir.

See how readily your little sister *Emma* gives up her will, and buys the lamb instead of a doll.

GEORGE.

If *Emma* is a fool, it is no reason I should be; nor I will not neither.

(*He goes sulkily to the door, and flings down the whip.*)

FANNY.

Take these battledores, or this bow and arrow.

GEORGE.

No, *Fanny*, I do not care for any thing if I am not to have what I like.

BRIDGET.

BRIDGET.

You shew such a wilful spirit upon all occasions, that many people would cross you for the sake of breaking it, Master *George*: but this is not the reason I do, and you know it.

GEORGE (*aside to Fanny.*)

Sister *Fanny*, I would take the bow and arrow, if it was not for *Bridget*; she is so spiteful, I am resolved to do nothing that would please her.

FANNY.

How perverse this is *George*!—remember what an ill-natured trick you played her this morning, because she would not give you your breakfast first, you hid her snuff-box, and saw her hunting after it for an hour, with all the mischeivous satisfaction in the world. Besides, she love us all.

GEORGE.

That is as her humour may be.

BRIDGET.

To reward you, Miss *Emma*, for your complying temper, we will go round to the fruiterers.

(*They stop in their way home at a fruit shop.*)

GEORGE.

I will buy these pears!—Oh! there are chefnuts! I will have those too.

BRIDGET.

Indeed you must not, Master *George*: I should have plague enough with your roasting them, and they are very hard of digestion.

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

One word for me and two for yourself: but I would eat them raw I tell you.

FANNY.

My dear George, they really are unwholesome—Take pears and oranges.

GEORGE.

Why! I have eat thirty chesnuts at a time.

BRIDGET.

Sir, you shall not eat *one* now.

GEORGE.

(catching up one, which Bridget gets out of his hand again.)

I will be even with you; for Mamma promised me some cashew nuts, which will smoke you out of your nursery in a whiff, Cross-patch!

BRIDGET *(to the footman.)*

Take Master George home, and beg Mademoiselle to let him stay in the room with her till we return.

You are soon to go to school, Sir, and I wish the time was come!

(The footman carries him off)

S C E N E.

The Governess's Apartments in Mr. BLAKE'S House.

Enter the footman with Master GEORGE.

FOOTMAN.

Madam, I am sorry to bring the young gentleman back; but Mrs. Bridget desires me to ask your permission to let him stay with you till she returns with the young ladies.

(Exit footman.)

MADemoisELLE.

MADemoiselle.

I am vastly afraid, *George*, you have behaved ill.

GEORGE.

But she provoked me so, and always wants to be Madam *upper-most*, and so I plagued her, by not doing all her own way.

MADemoiselle.

What did you do?

GEORGE.

I would not take the toy she chose for me, and she would not let me have any thing I fixed my mind upon; and because I only wanted to eat a chesnut which was in my hand, she sent me back.

MADemoiselle.

You are squabbling with somebody or other from morning till night; you cannot bear the least opposition:—I have even seen you mischievous and revengeful when you were conquered.

Complaints are continually brought to me of your behaviour. All this is very bad, *George*.

GEORGE.

Now ask *Fanny*, if *Bridget* did not thwart me in every thing, and I said not one word to set her up, till she wrenched the nut almost out of my mouth. I declare I will tell my Mamma to-day!

MADemoiselle.

A pitiful way of resentment truly for a young Gentleman!

Tell-tales are despised by all the world too.—
At school, the boys will neither play, nor speak to
them.—

them.—Servants hate the sight of them.—Their friends hold them in contempt, and as soon as they are thoroughly known, they are shunned by every body.

GEORGE.

But what right had she, Mademoiselle, to use me so in the shop? tugged hold of my arm, she did, with all her force—it akes now—and I am sure she would have struck me if she dared.—I wish she had!

MADemoisELLE.

What, that you might have had another tale to tell your Mamma!

You put me so in mind of *Harry Beauclerk*!

GEORGE.

Who was he pray?

MADemoisELLE.

A headstrong passionate boy, like you, a very great tell-tale, and exceedingly humoured by his poor Mamma: she died when he was ten years old, and then Master *Harry's* fate was sad indeed!

GEORGE.

Why, what became of him then?

MADemoisELLE.

He was sent off to a boarding-school, and his heart, as well as his will, was almost broke there; but in the end it was the happiest thing that could have fell out; and I hope the same master will do you as much good, for I am determined to speak

C

to your Papa to put you under him, unless I see a great change in a short time.

GEORGE.

But tell me about *Harry*, Mademoiselle.

MADemoisELLE.

Henry Beauclerk, my dear, was of a perverse temper; far more obstinate than you, and indeed he had more excuse, for his Mamma would not keep any one in the house who ventured to contradict him, so that his faults increased every day: he was an only child too, and as he was of a weakly constitution, his taste was consulted on all occasions: he sat up to supper, saw company, and used to give his opinion, forsooth, on subjects of conversation.

His Papa, Colonel *Beauclerk*, disapproved of this indulgence; but he was often absent from home, and Mrs. *Beauclerk* was quite miserable if *Harry* was out of her sight, and she always concealed his bad behaviour to the servants and his play-fellows from him, so that he had not an idea of it till her death.

GEORGE.

And how did he find it out then?

MADemoisELLE.

Why, you must know, *Harry* had not one friend in the family: so that whenever he flew into his passions, or was sulky, and would not eat (which happened pretty often) they told his papa, who was astonished and grieved at it.

GEORGE.

But *Harry* could not help his Mamma's partiality,
and

and it was that, you say, which made him so humourfome.

MADemoisELLE.

But it ought to have had a different effect: thus, if I give you any little indulgence to-day, I should expect you to behave better for it to-morrow: and if you do not, you must be of a very ungrateful disposition, as you fee *Harry* was.

GEORGE.

Go on, if you please, Mademoiselle, with the story.

MADemoisELLE.

His Papa used to take him into his study to reason with him, and point out the dangerous consequences of such a spirit: *Harry's* bad habits however were become too strong for advice, and complaints were so often brought of his stubbornness and pride, that he really did not know what to do with him.

One day, as *Harry* was in the flower garden, the gardener seeing him running over a fine bed of pinks, desired him to stop, as they were a curious kind, and he had lately planted them there.

This was reason enough for *Harry* to stamp upon the place with all his might: the gardener threatened to call his Papa, whereupon *Harry* tore up one of the roots, and flung it at him.

Colonel *Beauclerk* happened to be looking out of his study window, and having observed the whole, ordered *Harry* in that moment; he refused to come; on which the gardener attempted to carry him: he kicked his shins with all his force, but was so far

mastered as to be lugged in with much trouble, and his Papa was so displeased, as to lock him up in a dark closet, and send him to bed without supper.

The next morning his nursery-maid brought him his breakfast, which was always fruit, milk, and tea, if he chose it: she told him he must eat it alone, for he was not fit company for any body. Upon which he flung the bowl of milk in her face, and would not taste a morsel of any kind.

GEORGE.

And did she tell his Papa?

MADemoiselle.

To be sure she did: and it fell out that a gentleman of Colonel *Beauclerk's* acquaintance was in the parlour when she related this fine account; the Colonel observed with sorrow, that the poor child had been spoiled, that he was quite unable to govern him without using harsh methods. The gentleman advised him to send him off to school, and recommended Mr. *Mackenzie*, one of the strictest masters, and withal, one of the best; for he never punished a boy for slow capacity, and chiefly attended to their dispositions.

In short, he said so much, and had a son of his own under him, that Colonel *Beauclerk*, though exceedingly averse to publick schools, agreed to place *Harry* there.

GEORGE.

And I am sure I should like such a master better than a pack of insolent servants!

MADemoiselle.

MADemoiselle.

I am not quite so sure of that: but to go on. Before *Harry's* departure, his Papa addressed him in words to this effect:

"My dear child, said he, never should you have gone from under this roof, if you had not been refractory and stubborn: it is your own conduct which obliges me to part with you, *Harry!*

You are haughty to the servants, fly into passions on every occasion, are so obstinate and disobedient toward myself, that you force me to place you with strangers at this early age. But I am not sending you to a harsh and cruel master: he will not be severe, if you are not perverse; but remember he will correct such humours as you have shewn at home in a different manner to what I have done. If you are there mischievous and tyrannical, do not expect he will try to reclaim you with arguments and kindness: no *Harry*, it is only a parent, and a tender parent, that will take this trouble: I am sorry to find mine has been in vain: I shall now give you up to his authority."

GEORGE.

So, he put him to school then?

MADemoiselle.

Yes: and all the servants rejoiced when they saw the carriage drive from the door.

Mr. *Mackenzie* lived near a hundred miles off; and when they arrived, *Harry* was struck with a sort of awe at the stern look, and solemn manner

of his master; who spoke, however, very good-naturedly to him, and sent him to play with the boys as soon as he came into the parlour, to divert him from thoughts of parting with his Papa.

The play-ground was a large barren place, walled all round, not like the fine gardens he had left!

When he was gone out of the room, the Colonel neither concealed *Harry's* faults, nor his own fears, but entreated Mr. *Mackenzie*, if possible, to treat his little boy with gentleness:—informed him of the indulgence he had been brought up in, and how much of his self-will proceeded from mismanagement.

Mr. *Mackenzie* assured him he was no friend to severity; that his rules were strict, and he made all the boys observe them; but by different methods: mild tempers were mildly treated, and stubbornness conquered by force. They all lived hardy, rose early, and were fully employed: that he never abridged them of their food, or denied them their sleep; but he resolved to make them good scholars, and worthy men.

Before the Colonel took his leave, he spoke to *Harry* alone: “If I hear a good account of you, I shall visit you within a month; but till I do, you shall not see me, though it costs me a great deal of pain, as it does now to leave you here!”

THE COLONEL BOWED. GEORGE.

“Did *Harry* cry when his Papa went away?”

THE COLONEL SMILED. MADEMOISELLE.

“No, he had too high a spirit for that, and he fancied

fancied himself vastly ill used to be sent to school for the sake of a gardener.

GEORGE.

And how did he like being there, Mademoiselle?

MADemoISELLE.

Why, the first day he was mightily pleased with sitting down in the midst of so many boys, all buzzing over their lessons with glee.

When the dinner-bell rang, indeed he was rather mortified to see nothing but mutton and garden-stuff, and hard apple-dumplings on the table, having always been used to have his choice of several dishes.

He asked for some beer, and found they drank only water.

At night a large lunch of bread and cheese was all their supper, and when he went to-bed, it was quite hard, and there was no pillow or curtains, and he thought he could never get to sleep in such a place.

However, he did, and that so soundly, that the Usher could hardly awake him at six next morning, which was the hour they rose, and reluctantly he got up; but he had good sense enough to find out that this was not a time to murmur: their breakfast was milk-pottage: *Harry* assured the Usher it would make him sick; upon which he was told he might have bread and cheese instead. He looked disdainfully, but contrived to swallow his milk-pottage.

In the school Mr. *Mackenzie* shewed great patience:

tience: those who were most diligent, he rewarded with a new pen, a sheet of writing-paper, or a slate pencil after school hours, or some little mark of attention.

Harry made a great many blunders in reading *English*; but it was through ignorance, not obstinacy, he was set right without any reproof.

At dinner there was mutton again; *Harry* asked the boy who sat next him, how often they were to have the same dish? "*five times a week*," said he, upon which *Harry* protested he would sooner starve than live like a beggar, and left the piece upon his plate untouched.

This did not escape the observation of his master, who remarked, that hunger would always conquer pride at last; but it was his method to do it at first, and if he would not eat his dinner, he should go without it into the school-room.

GEORGE.

But it was very hard, Mademoiselle, to have only mutton for five days running.

MADemoisELLE.

Not at all: in the great schools it is still the custom, and if children are used to it they are perfectly contented with one sort of diet.

Harry's palate, indeed, had been so pampered that to *him* it was hard; and if he had not given himself airs upon the occasion, I could have pitied him.

GEORGE.

And did he eat it, or go out of the room?

MADemoi-

MADemoisELLE.

He chose to go out of the room, and his heart swelled as he went; never before had he been punished for his daintiness, and he now fillily resolved to shew his master he would not be conquered.

GEORGE.

But he was conquered, Mademoiselle?

MADemoisELLE.

He was obliged to go into the school-room, my dear, but not forced to eat the mutton.

GEORGE.

And what did he do?

MADemoisELLE.

Went without his dinner, to be sure; and when school began again, though he was very much mortified, and hungry besides, he consoled himself in his stubbornness, and told the boys nobody could force him to learn any more than to eat, if he did not like it: so there he sat twirling his book about, and as idle and insolent as could be.

Mr. *Mackenzie* seeing his behaviour, bid him go and sit in the stocks; and as he preferred being alone, learn his lesson there.

Harry would not stir from his place, and only darted a fullen, resentful look at his master, who immediately called for the cane.

Harry had never been struck in his life:—his surprise, his rage, and his resistance, were to no effect, and he was beat most severely, in the presence of the whole school, and had the mortification of walk-

ing

ing down quietly afterward, and remaining in the stocks the rest of the afternoon.

GEORGE.

And did he get his lesson there?

MADemoiselle.

Oh yes, that he did, and eat his supper of plain bread and cheese without any impertinent remarks. He sobbed indeed sadly, when he got to bed, and his arms were black and blue with the marks of the cane, and ailed very much: he thought of the difference between home and school, and of his Papa's treatment and Mr. *Mackenzie's*, though he did not imagine he would have been used so harshly, and he resolved if he could but once again live at home, that he would always be diligent and good.

The Colonel, however, had determined not to see him, even at school, till he heard an account of his perfect reformation.

GEORGE.

And how long was it before *Harry* saw his Papa?

MADemoiselle.

More than half an year, and during that time you cannot think how much he suffered: for his master would not pass by any of his ill-humours, and used to correct him with severity for every fault. Many a night has he lain awake, crying his eyes so dim, that he could hardly see to get his task the next day; obliged to eat the same food, without any change; for when the other boys had beef of a *Sunday*, Mr. *Mackenzie* would not allow it to

Harry,

Harry, by way of curing him entirely of his nicety. If it had not been for a little friend, whom he found in one of his school-fellows, his life would have been truly unhappy.

This young boy was of an affectionate temper: he used to comfort *Harry* in his sorrows, bid him take courage, and time would make every thing easy; that if he would keep down his passions, and not be sulky, their master was quite good-natured.

The kindness of this amiable lad, with the strict eye of *Mr. Mackenzie*, in the end rendered *Harry* another creature:—his abilities were always good, and his disposition was so improved, that his master began to distinguish him; gave him a little garden to work in, and before the close of the year, he wrote an account to the Colonel of his excellent behaviour.

You can scarcely imagine how these tidings revived him; he set off directly, travelled all the way by night, and *Harry* was so glad to see him, that he could hardly speak for joy. As to the Colonel, he wept over him, and could not express his obligations to *Mr. Mackenzie*: he offered *Harry* to come away, and have a private tutor at home; but he liked school now very well, and could not think of parting with his dear comrade, Master *Langton*, that was his name.

GEORGE.

I cannot help thinking, Mademoiselle, it was more out of love to him, than regard to his cruel master, that *Harry* became so good.

MADE-

MADemoiselle.

He would not have valued any body's kindness, my dear, nor have loved any body, if he had not met with rigorous treatment.

You see how little he minded his Papa, tender as he was to him: he never was grateful for liberty and indulgence, because he had had too much of it; and would have grown up tyrannical and obstinate, if these dispositions had not been subdued in the manner you have seen.

He then could reflect upon the difference;—he had no Mamma to take his part, or hear his tales; no one to humour him in any thing whatever, and he began to feel obliged to those who would pity him now, which formed the friendship between him and *Langton*.

When you go to Mr. *Mackenzie's*, you will see them both: they are now great boys, and *Harry* is at the head of the first form.

GEORGE.

But, Mademoiselle—you will not desire my Papa to send me there, if I do not disagree with *Bridget*.

MADemoiselle.

If you correct your faults, my dear, you need not be afraid of the Master.

GEORGE.

But dear Mademoiselle, do not recommend Mr. *Mackenzie* to my Papa, and I will do every thing you bid me.

MADemoiselle.

Affection to you induces me: at the age of eight
you

you are stubborn, passionate, and proud. I am shocked to think what you will be when you grow up, if these tempers are not conquered: from a self-willed boy you will become a tyrannical master, an imperious father, and a hateful man.

It is my duty to prevent this, as far as I am able, and unless I see an important change take place very soon, depend upon it you shall go to this school.

GEORGE.

Only try me, Mademoiselle, and *Bridget* herself shall be the judge.

MADemoisELLE.

I will, and in a little thing: never let me hear that you threaten to tell your Mamma any tales.

GEORGE.

Indeed I will not—and I will kiss *Bridget* as soon as she comes back, instead of plaguing her.

MADemoisELLE.

You shall also tell her, that you will thankfully accept now the toy she chose for you.

GEORGE.

But, Mademoiselle, I do not want to have it.

MADemoisELLE.

This is no reason: I insist upon your having it, not to please your fancy, but subdue your will, to prove to me your sincere resolution of amendment; if you refuse to do this, or do it with an ill grace, I shall know how to act.

GEORGE.

Dear Mademoiselle,—though I had rather do any thing in the world, I will take it then.

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MADE-

MADEMOISELLE.

Pray, what kind of toy did she offer you?

GEORGE.

It was a little trumpery kite, not longer than my arm.—I wish, Mademoiselle, you would excuse me this once.—I shall look like a *baby* with such a thing in my hand; so unmanly too!

MADEMOISELLE.

It is not near so unmanly to fly a little kite, as to tell tales, which you were resolving to do.

GEORGE.

Well, Mademoiselle, I will keep my word, and do as you bid me.

MADEMOISELLE.

Without resentment?

GEORGE.

Without any to you or *Bridget*, Mademoiselle; but I am angry with myself for bringing all this upon me.

MADEMOISELLE.

My dear boy—you will be happier than ever you were in your life, if you subdue your spirit *thus* on every occasion.

Come to me, *George*, it rejoiceth me to see you docile, and sensible of reproof.

Open but your heart to kindness, and severity will be needless.

I think I see *Bridget* coming up the green walk; let us go out to meet her and your sisters.

END OF SCENE the SECOND.

SCENE the THIRD.

C A N D O U R.

Mrs. DENBY and MARIA.

MARIA.

OH, Mamma! I have so much to tell you.— You know we said we would take a walk in the grove: well, there we met Miss *Fanny Blake*, with *Bridget*, and little *Emma*, with a white lamb in her hand.

Mrs. DENBY.

And without your going on, I think I can perceive my *Maria* has done right, she looks so happy.

MARIA.

Mamma, you shall hear:—When Miss *Fanny* asked me how I did, I had not the courage to say one word: I am sure she saw me colour, and at last, instead of answering her, I burst into tears. She seemed quite sorry, and surprised too, and was so kind in her manner, that it gave me resolution to tell her I had behaved so rude the other evening, that I was quite ashamed to see her again, and I hoped she would excuse it all, and come and visit me. And, Mamma, I cried so, that I could hardly speak; but she took my hand, and begged

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I would

I would not say any more, and assured me over and over, that she had never thought of it:—that I must be her little friend, she said, now; and all the time she spoke, do you know, Mamma, I thought she looked quite pretty. She entreated me to walk home with her, and I felt my spirits revive again, and instead of being mortified, I was easy; for there was something so affectionate in Miss *Fanny*, that I did not feel humbled in begging her to forgive me.

As soon as we got to the gate, Mademoiselle *Fontagne* came out with Master *George*, who, I believe had done something wrong, for *Bridget* seemed quite cross when he went up to her; but afterward he whispered in her ear, and I saw her kiss him.

But what was so droll, Mamma, was my brother *Edward*, for he ran and caught hold of her, as soon as *George* had done whispering, and cried out, quite loud before us all, Mrs. *Bridget*, Mamma says I must ask your pardon for squirting water over you, and I hope you will now take this new shilling."

He minded it no more, Mamma, than if he had been asking her how she did.

Mrs. DENBY.

Did she take his shilling?

MARIA.

No, Mamma, she said she should not think of such a thing; and she drew out of her pocket a box of sugar-plums to give him; but he declared he would not accept them, unless she would have his

his

his shilling : so Mademoiselle came up, and hearing the whole affair; for, Mamma, *Edward* told her all of it, as boldly as could be, she commended him for his spirit; but said, as she wished to please *Bridget*, it did not signify whether he did it by a shilling or a sugar-plum. She bid Master *George* too, observe it, and take notice how noble it was to acknowledge a fault.

She took us up into her room, Mamma, and shewed us so many pretty things I cannot remember half of them. There was a little cabinet of shell-work, which Miss *Fanny* helped to make: it was very curious, Mamma; I should like to make such a one, and she said she would teach me.

George and *Edward* were playing with the hounds all the while, and Mademoiselle was quite happy to see them so merry, though they made such a noise, Mamma, as you could not have borne.

Then, Miss *Emma* brought me her canary bird; it was so tame as to peck out of her mouth, and she has gold fish in a large glass bowl, which she feeds herself every day.

We sat down and played at the travelling map, and, Mamma, Miss *Fanny* named all the places we came to, without once looking at the map. I believe she has it all by heart. As we were going away she asked me if I had one. I told her I had only one of *England*, upon which she whispered to Mademoiselle, and insisted on my taking home this of *Europe*.

Mrs. DENBY.

Where is it, my dear?

MARIA.

Mamma, in putting it into my pocket, case and all, I have torn my frock and my pocket too, and you would have laughed to have seen poor *Bridget*. She lamented over it, and wanted me to stay until she had mended it: but I told her you never minded such things (for she was afraid you would have been angry) and dear Miss *Fanny* quite pressed me to stay, and she herself would sew it up then.

Mrs. DENBY.

If I had been inclined to chide carelessness, my *Maria's* conduct would have disarmed any reproof now. So you have left the map.

MARIA.

No, Mamma, I have not: our maid has it.

Mrs. DENBY.

We will travel over it this evening, and I allot you one whole month to be as perfect in it as you say Miss *Fanny* is; it will give you an idea of the places you read to me of in the newspapers; and it is disgraceful in a girl of education, not to know some little anecdote of every place she reads about.

I cannot enough applaud you, my dear, for your resolution, which, in spite of your embarrassment, led you to confess your fault.

Little minds are ashamed to do this, and they hide and prevaricate, and call their stubbornness by the name of spirit and dignity; but there was
never

never any dignity in pride: it is at all times a mean, blind, selfish passion. Humility is true greatness, and you felt that it was; for amidst your tears you own you was not mortified in making the confession, but easy and delighted.

You was remarking, that *Fanny* looked quite pretty whilst she spoke to you; what do you think could be the reason of it?

MARIA.

I suppose, Mamma, it was her kindness made me fancy so.

Mrs. DENBY.

It was not your fancy, my dear: every amiable quality shews itself in the countenance, and every bad disposition can be seen there too: thus you find many people who are handsome without being agreeable, and on the other hand, many plain faces extremely pleasing.

MARIA.

Oh, yes, Mamma; there is Miss *Woodward*, you know, who is a beauty, and looks so ill-natured and proud, that I hate to meet her; and her sister *Patty*, who has a wide mouth, and a brown skin, is quite agreeable.

Mrs. DENBY.

Beauty depends much more upon the mind than the features. Good-temper has a mark which nobody can mistake, and wherever it appears the countenance will be sweet. It is in this respect only, I wish my dear *Maria* to be handsome, and she

she really is so this evening: whereas, when she twirls her head about, and imagines people are admiring her, it gives such an air of conceit to her face, that it is quite disgusting.

Miss *Fanny*, you say, seemed surprised that you should make any apology for your rudeness: by this, my love, you may learn how unsuspecting an amiable disposition is: had she been captious, she would have taken offence, had she been resentful, she would not have forgiven it so easily; but this dear girl never suspected you were laughing at her, or if she did, it instantly went out of her memory without ruffling her spirit.

Now, after all this, *Maria*, how was she dressed to-day?

MARIA.

Indeed, Mamma, I did not observe her dress.

Mrs. DENBY.

You see, my dear, when the attention is well employed, you have no time to criticise the apparel: and I hope for the future your mind will be always so taken up with matters of more importance, as to be really ignorant of such trifles.

I am so much pleased with you, *Maria*, that I shall give you a present. What would you like to have?

MARIA.

Why, Mamma, I should like to give a present to Miss *Fanny*.

Mrs. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

What shall it be, my dear?

MARIA.

Do you think a bouquet of made flowers would be pretty—or a picture—

Mrs. DENBY.

You do not draw well enough, my dear, and the flowers would take up a fortnight of your time to make.

A little work-bag, with a motto on it, would be a light genteel present.—What shall the motto be, Maria?

MARIA.

I do not know, Mamma—let me think—something about GRATITUDE, if you please.

Mrs. DENBY.

“Gratitude is its own reward,” will that do?

MARIA.

Oh yes, Mamma, exactly!

But what shall the bag be made of?

Mrs. DENBY.

Sattin; and I will work the motto for you in tambour with silver: you shall trim it yourself.

MARIA.

Let it be blue sattin, if you would like it, Mamma; and when it is edged all round with silver, how beautiful it will be! and how good you are, dear Mamma!

Oh! I am quite happy!

I will

I will call my brother *Edward* now, what will you give him, Mamma?

Mrs. DENBY.

Whatever he chuses, my love: for you have each of you given me heart-felt satisfaction.

END of SCENE the THIRD.

SCENE

SCENE the FOURTH.

P R I D E.

MISS *Blake* visited her Papa and Mamma twice a year, and the time was now arrived. Accordingly she came, and very much grown, and very handsome she was; but as conceited as beauty and flattery could make her.

When she entered the dressing room, her brothers and sisters were there, and ran up altogether to kiss her, with affectionate eagerness. She returned their caresses with more ceremony than kindness, and seemed mightily afraid they should spoil her cap, or discompose her hair.

As soon as her Mamma came down, she made an elegant courtesy, and acted with all the dignified importance of a visitor grown up.

After the first inquiries were over, she said that *Fanny* was not an inch taller than when she saw her last; that little *Emma* looked quite like a country girl with those red cheeks, and *George* was a fine boy.

But all this form could not long be kept up.— She quickly frisked to the *Piana Forte*; began a lesson;

lesson; found fault with the instrument, which was a very good one; asked her Mamma a hundred questions in a breath, and was so frivolous and trifling, that her wiser sister *Fanny* stood by in astonishment:—then we should go and see Mademoiselle *Fontayne*, the children accompanied her.—*Bridget* met her on the stairs, and her honest heart rejoiced to see her come home again; but there was something so cold and disdainful in Miss *Blake*'s manner, that poor *Bridget*, who was going to take her in her arms, drew back, and only hoped she was well.

To Mademoiselle *Fontagne* she put on civiler treatment: indeed she stood a little in awe of her, and began to ask after her health, with proper respect; besides, she wanted to be admired for her good breeding and elegance.

It was about the hour of the children's dinner; Miss *Blake* begged that *George* might dine in the parlour with her that day, and he entreated it with earnestness; but Mademoiselle peremptorily refused.

George coloured, and was going to cry; but recollecting Mademoiselle's threats of sending him to school, he did not dare complain; nor could his sister venture to urge it further. She therefore left them in the nursery, and went to look for her Papa.

His affection for all his children was equal; but it did not lead him to overlook their faults. He soon perceived Miss *Blake* was vainer than before,
and

and if he could have taken her from her situation with her aunt, without grieving his wife, he would have done it, for she tired him with her impertinences, and provoked him with her airs.

The behaviour of *Fanny* was quite a contrast to all this: she would meekly sit silent until spoken to: if she was bid to play or sing, or read, would immediately obey, and when her sister would laugh at her gait, or ridicule her diffidence, perhaps a tear would start in her eye: but a resentful word would never drop from her lips, not that she was so tame as to see any wrong done to another without retort. She would often reason with her sister when she ridiculed people beneath her, and take the part of servants, when they were blamed without cause.

One morning they were all going a walking, and set out in great good-humour.

Mademoiselle seldom went with them if *Bridget* was at leisure, and besides she accustomed them to relate all that happened in their rambles. On their return Miss *Blake* seemed unusually cross, and *Fanny* more agitated than Mademoiselle had ever seen her.

She called them each into her room to inquire into the cause of this sudden change.

Miss *Blake* was ready enough to relate it, and with a petulant tone thus began:

MISS BLAKE.

Indeed, Mademoiselle, I never will again walk out with *Fanny*: she picks up the dirty beggar

E

girls,

girls, and talks to them, and one of those creatures followed us all the way home ; nay, *Bridget* will tell you the same.

MADemoisELLE.

Picks up dirty beggar girls for her companions ! how could it be !

GEORGE.

Mademoiselle, it was poor squinting *Peg*, you know, at the end of the village ; the boys were hunting her down like a cat, and so my sister *Fanny* and I—

Miss BLAKE *interrupting him.*

Yes, indeed, *George*, you demeaned yourself much like a gentleman's son to join the rabble.

GEORGE.

I did not join them, sister, I only helped to drive them away, and so I would again.

MADemoisELLE.

My dear, tell me how all this story begins : who was the girl ? and what did she do ?

Miss BLAKE.

Just as we had crossed the road, Mademoiselle, a dirty child, without shoes to her feet, the ugliest wretch I ever saw, and all in tatters, came scampering by us, with the parish boys after her, hissing and hallooing, whilst she blubbered, and squealed like a pig, and they would have had their sport out in their own way, if *Fanny*, forsooth, had not stopped this filthy girl to inquire the matter, and *George*, to be sure, must beat off the boys ; so there

we

we staid in the middle of the road amongst beggars!

But, Mademoiselle, this was not all, after the boys had ran away, what does *Fanny* do, but stay behind to talk to this creature, and I saw her take her hand and put some black sticking plaister upon it.

Bridget called her to come on, and I am certain was ashamed to see Miss *Fanny Blake* with a dirty huzzy by her side; but it did not signify who she made ashamed, so she could prate with this fine companion, and she followed us home:—think of her impudence! but no wonder when a young lady encouraged it.

FANNY.

She was not impudent, sister; she was ragged indeed, and miserable,

MADemoISELLE to *Fanny*.

Did you know any thing of her, my dear, before?

Miss BLAKE.

Suppose she did, Mademoiselle: is it fit for my sister to take the part of any of the children in the street?

MADemoISELLE.

Yes: if they were ill treated, and she could prevent it.

But what was the circumstance, *Fanny*?

FANNY.

Mademoiselle, as we were turning the corner

it was, as my sister says, this poor thing was screaming and flying as fast as she could from the cruel boys: one of them had got her shoes, another her cap, and some of them had nettles and brambles in their hands, with which her face and arms seemed torn. I could not help stopping her, and *George* told them to approach her if they dared, and he snatched some of the briars out of their hands too.

She was very dirty, to be sure; it is that unhappy girl whom nobody knows, *Mademoiselle*, that the boys call *Squinting Pig*: I staid to ask her what she had done to enrage them, and the poor creature had told the clerk, upon being questioned, who had robbed his orchard yesterday.

These wicked children declare they will never let her rest again: they were driving her now, *Mademoiselle*, into the wood, and some of them are great boys, fourteen years old, or more, and I am afraid she will be half murdered as it is. She has no father or Mother, *Mademoiselle*, and she gets a morsel of bread by running of errands for the clerk's wife, and somebody gives her leave to sleep in a stable; but she says she shall never be able to go there again, for the boys have vowed to pursue her to the last.

Oh! what shall we do for her, *Mademoiselle*? She has no friend in the world!

MADemoiselle.

Where have you left her, my dear child!

GEORGE.

GEORGE.

There she stands, Mademoiselle, by the gate.—I promised *John* three-pence if he would not drive her away.

The boys threaten to duck her in a pond, and there is one, you know, in the wood.

MISS BLAKE.

Pray observe, Mademoiselle, all this is the tale of the beggar-girl: they are a parcel of cheats; and I dare say this girl is as bad as the rest. I am surprised you let *Fanny* listen to their cant.

MADemoisELLE.

Miss *Blake*, suppose this tale should be true, and the poor wretch should be drowned in their sport, do you think you would have nothing to reproach yourself with?

You have contributed all that you was able to her destruction.

MISS BLAKE.

I, Mademoiselle!—What will not some people say?

MADemoisELLE.

Here me, Madam: you would have let her pass by, without inquiring the reason of her shrieks: you did all you could to hinder your sister from succouring her: you saw a fellow creature worried and pursued like a wild beast, without any pity; nay; you resented it to those who shewed her pity: it would have been beneath you, as you fancy, to have given a thought to a vulgar crea-

ture in the street, and the consequence is, she is flung into a pond and dies!

MISS BLAKE.

Dear me, Mademoiselle! they never would carry any little mischief so far!

FANNY.

But at this moment, Mademoiselle, she stands there trembling at our gate! Pray tell us what we shall do?

MISS BLAKE.

I have no kind of objection to send her down a shilling or two.

MADemoISELLE.

Your compassion before, Miss *Blake*, would have done you more honour than your bounty now. We shall not want your money.

Fanny, you shall go down to your Papa, and tell him this whole story: he will rejoice to find that *two* of his children have hearts of tenderness.

My dear *George*, your spirit was never so well exerted.

FANNY.

But, dear Mademoiselle, the poor thing is waiting without shoes to her feet:—the boys would not give them to her again.

MADemoISELLE.

George shall carry a pair down to her: I see his eyes glisten with joy at the thought, and he shall give *John* three-pence besides, as he promised.

(*George and Fanny go out.*)

MISS

Miss *Blake* as soon as they were gone, burst into tears; she was thoroughly vexed, and sorry to think Mademoiselle would not permit her to share in this good action, and would have given her shilling or two with all her heart; but she had not an idea of running herself to the gate with an errand of this kind.

After she had vented her sorrow, or rather mortification, Mademoiselle thus addressed her:

MADemoISELLE.

You see how closely pride and hard heartedness are united: you imagined it would degrade you to assist any one below you, and this notion led you to be cruel and unjust.

Miss *BLAKE*, *sobbing*.

Mademoiselle, I never in my life before was called cruel, and I do not know how I have been unjust now.

MADemoISELLE.

You totally mis-represented the fact: you would have had me blame your sister for behaving very improperly; picking up dirty girls in the street, and chattering with them, whilst *George* entered into a squabble with all the boys of the parish! You concealed their excellent motives; and when the whole story was related, said it was a cheat, and the girl an impudent beggar, which it seems was a falsehood. Now you will be a little surprised if I prove to you that this unfortunate is, in point of real dignity, your equal; and, in moral worth, your superior.

I must

I must remind you, that you are neither ennobled by birth, by riches, by accomplishments, by any outward circumstance or situation, but by an *immortal spirit*, which is given to every human creature as well as yourself, and is the only true distinction of man.

All the rest is fictitious or common.

It is common, you have senses and appetites; so have brutes; you stand in need of food and covering; so do they:—but they obtain it without labour, and enjoy it without excess. The same mighty Power that gives us raiment and life, and all things, cloaths the lillies of the field, and feedeth the young ravens.

Other distinctions I said were fictitious; that is, they are made by man, not by nature: a monarch, a lord, a gentleman, is not a higher being in the scale of creation than a tradesman, a footman, or a beggar.

Nor is he better (supposing him to be good) than an industrious tradesman, a faithful servant, or an honest beggar.

Indeed, in one respect, the king or the nobleman is worse off, for he is more dependant, has more wants, and he is unhappy if these are not constantly supplied by the people you despise.

Idleness, Miss *Blake*, is a very bad thing, and deserves punishment, not relief; but it is a very bad maxim you have learned, that all poverty proceeds from it.

A family may lose a laborious father, the whole support

support of it!—the helpless orphans may be left without any one to take care of them; they belong to another parish, and till they are placed there, if these poor babies, turned adrift, should ask alms in the street, you would be sure they were cheats and liars, and refuse them your charity without inquiring into their circumstances. They learn to steal, and at last, perhaps, come to an ignominious end.

Sickness and old age may occasion extreme distress, and though Providence commonly raises up some benevolent friend to supply bread, if every body acted as you would do, Miss *Blake*, how many might perish from absolute want!

If the tale of this poor child be true, and it appears so, she is far above you in moral worth.

Honesty, in her situation, is heroism; for if she had joined the wicked boys in plundering the orchard, you may be sure they would not have treated her so ill, and fruit must have been a strong temptation to a girl, who could hardly procure food from day to day.

You never performed an action in your life so truly great as this.

Pride is, of all passions, the most hateful in the sight of heaven.

Our Saviour came into this world on purpose to teach us to be humble: the New Testament is full of instances of his divine compassion and humility, especially towards the poor:

He associated with them, chose his disciples from

from amongst them, and has left upon record an awful parable of a rich man, who fared sumptuously every day, whilst a beggar, named *Lazarus*, was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table.

They both died; and in the other world, that world of spirits where we shall all soon appear without these bodies, *Lazarus*, we are told, was received by angels into *Abraham's* bosom, and the rich man, who had received his good things in this life without sharing them with the poor, or sympathizing with the miserable: the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments.

Oh, beware of indulging this haughty mindedness! it produces cruelty, and ends in destruction!

On saying these words, *Mademoiselle* left the room. *Miss Blake* wished to have followed her, to have regained her good opinion, for she could not help reflecting on her hard-heartedness, and the mean excuses she had made for not joining with her amiable sister in assisting a fellow creature in misery; but she had never been taught to attend to the feelings of those called her inferiors.

She had always been flattered and praised for her fine disposition, and if she only picked up a fan which her aunt had dropped, or ran to pull the bell, she was commended, as the most amiable girl in the world; in short, she fancied herself so perfect, that it was quite a strange thing to be re-proved,

proved, and as her aunt's compassion to the poor was only shewn by subscribing to public charities, or benefit plays and concerts, Miss *Blake* had not an idea of her duty to the poor.

Youth, indeed, is an age susceptible of the tender impressions of pity; but vanity, pride, and self-love, had rendered her, in a great measure, callous, and she was so thoughtless, that the wants and miseries of others never came into her head.

She was mortified as well as grieved on this occasion, to hear Mademoiselle tell her, the beggar girl was her superior in moral worth, and to see her little brother and *Fanny* acquire such applause for their sympathy, whilst she was upbraided and severely reprimanded, pained her to the quick.

Her Papa too would hear of her inhumanity, and then she thought, if the poor child should really be drowned in the pond, how would she reproach herself, since, as Mademoiselle had told her, she had done all that was in her power towards her destruction.

This idea made her wretched; she almost cried herself into hysterics, and at last, notwithstanding her red eyes, she flew down to the gate to see if *Peggy* was there, and give her two shillings. But she was gone.—Miss *Blake* returned to the nursery, wringing her hands; she was ashamed to go into the parlour; she was afraid to inquire; she dreaded to meet her Papa.—Oh, what would she have given to have recalled her pride and contempt!

She

She flung herself upon *Fanny's* bed:—the dinner-bell rang:—she attempted to go down stairs, but her legs trembled, and she got no farther than the landing place, when she heard *John* open the parlour door: immediately after she could distinguish her Papa's voice calling him back, and sternly saying, “ *Miss Blake* should not come into his presence.”

She was so stunned with what she had heard, that she had not power to move.

Mademoiselle was commissioned to deliver this message to her: could she have known what had passed in her heart at this time, she would have pitied her: but, instead of this, she finds her, as she thought, listening upon the stairs!

She reproached her for the meanness of the action:—in vain did *Miss Blake* attempt to exculpate herself;—she hesitated, she faltered, and her agitation had all the appearance of guilt. *Mademoiselle* looked upon this merely as the effect of shame and detection, and after conducting her to her own apartment, she informed her of her Papa's resolution not to see her, adding, with some severity, unless this new proof of her dignity of mind could induce him to change it.

Miss Blake was now humbled (as she thought) to the utmost:—forbid the presence of her Papa! accused of listening to conversations, a fault which she had always despised, and never been guilty of!—represented to all the family as proud, hard-hearted,

hearted, and contemptible! She envied the destitute *Peggy* a thousand times over: she would have exchanged situations with her; she called herself the most unhappy being in the world!

At one moment she was enraged at *Mademoiselle*; another at herself; she determined to write and tell her aunt how she was used; but how could she convey a letter? none of the servants loved her well enough to be her friend on any occasion.

She then resolved to apply to her *Mamma*; but how could she be sure that she was not set against her?

Whatever *George* did pleased her, and he had been kind to the girl in the street; so that even here she had no resource!

Suddenly the door opened, and her dinner was brought in by the kitchen maid; no other person was allowed to carry it up, and as soon as she had ate it, the maid locked the door outside upon her.

What were her sensations to be locked into a room by a scullion!

A young lady of fourteen years old to be punished like a child! and with so much disgrace!

But it is now time to give some account of *Fanny*, who we left going to relate to her *Papa* the story of *Peggy*.

Mr. Blake was so delighted with the sensibility of *Fanny* and *George*, that he said he did not know how to reward them better, than by letting the poor girl come into the house till he could learn the

truth of the whole, and if she was the miserable object she seemed to be, he would take care of her, and she should be placed in some eligible situation.

He also gave leave to the children to go with Mademoiselle to the clerk's wife, to inquire about it, and, to gratify them still more, said they should set off directly, and dine in the parlour with him and their Mamma, who expressed great satisfaction at *George's* behaviour, as she would have done if it had been quite the reverse.

Away they went, as happy as could be, and eagerly told *Peggy*, as she stood at the gate, that if she was as honest as she was poor, she should have victuals and cloaths as long as she lived; they moreover made her go in, and hastily proceeded on to the house where the clerk's wife lived.

She was a mighty good sort of a woman, and took in needle-work; Mademoiselle asked if she knew a poor destitute girl named *Peggy*?

Oh, Madam, says she, you mean squinting *Peg*? yes, that I do: she is as honest as if she was a gentlewoman, and she has had no rest for this year past, owing to those parish boys, because the poor thing squints so, and will not steal.

She found out who robbed our orchard, Madam, yesterday morning, and I cannot think where she has been since, for she used to have a scrap of victuals here most days: I cannot think who she belongs to neither; she knows nothing of father and mother; and *Peg* has
a good

a good spirit of her own too. She keeps the boys aloof, and when they reproach her with poverty, she will tell them again, that she does not steal as they do.

Indeed, Madam, if I could afford it, I would give her some cloaths and teach her to work, for she has a sharp wit; but she is so filthy and tattered, I dare not take her into my house as she is, and have not money to put her in a better plight. Mademoiselle asked if she supported her entirely? "No, Madam, says she, not entirely: I believe *Peg* picks up a few pence now and then by weeding the gardens, and often enough goes without a belly full, for she has only enough from me to keep soul and body, as one may say, together; my husband once spoke to our Vicar, and he gave her half a crown, which *Peg* laid out in shoes and stockings. I believe he would do more for poor folks if it was not for his lady, who looks down, you know, Madam, on those below her; but I do intend to beg again through some of the churchwardens, for it is a shame any honest child should not be taken into the parish school."

When Mademoiselle had gained all the information she could, they all came back exulting in their good success.

I was sure she was no impostor, says *Fanny*; and, cries *George*, for all her squinting, Mademoiselle, she has an open countenance.

Fanny pleased herself with thinking how many things she would make for her: a round cap, and a shift, and a white apron, and a stuff petticoat; for instead of dressing dolls, *Mademoiselle* had taught her to work for poor children, and she had often made baby-things, and cloaths for the naked before.

She used to reflect all the while, how many blessings she enjoyed; a fine house and gardens to walk in, and variety of good things, which others, as amiable as herself, were destitute of; and she would often repeat, that pretty verse in *Watts's* hymn:

*Not more than others I deserve,
Yet GOD hath given me more;
For I have bread whilst thousands starve,
Or beg from door to door.*

George was meditating some project for punishing the boys who had treated *Peg* so shamefully; he earnestly desired *Mademoiselle* to complain of them to their school-master. He should like, he said, to see them all corrected, and ducked in the pond.

Mademoiselle assured him she would try what she could do, as they were too wicked a set of children to be let loose upon the village out of school hours, and thus devising schemes of supplying wants and redressing wrongs, *Fanny* and *George* arrived at home again.

Mademoiselle

Mademoiselle had acquainted Mr. *Blake* in what a different manner his eldest daughter had behaved on this occasion, and he was extremely angry: he forbid her, as we have related, to come into his presence, and he determined to mortify her pride and subdue her spirit by every method in his power.

Nay, he declared she should not return again to her aunt, who had brought her up, and had promised her a fortune, but stay in his house, and be under the entire management of Mademoiselle; for his child should not become (if he could help it) a pest to society; and he looked upon this little circumstance as a proof of a very bad disposition.

Mrs. *Blake*, who had never seen her husband so positive before, did not attempt to oppose him: she coldly wondered "that the child should be such a brute, and that he should vex himself about it."

They sat down to dinner; but not before the children had run to poor *Peggy*, to tell her of the good character they had heard of her, and that she need not be afraid of the wicked boys again, for their Papa would keep her now, and she should have cloaths as soon as they could make them.

Peggy's face had been washed by this time, and she was not an ill looking girl, notwithstanding her squint; she could not contain her gratitude, and she expressed it in a way above the vulgar.

Her eyes filled with tears, which she strove to

hide, and she hoped God would reward them, for *she* never could.

When *Fanny* came into the parlour, Mademoiselle observed she did not look as cheerful as she ought to do, and to say the truth, she was not happy to think her sister was in such disgrace; for *Fanny* was not only charitable, but affectionate in the highest degree. She was present when her Papa gave orders for the scullion to attend her, and lock her into her chamber; and *Fanny's* tender heart was distressed at it.

When the fruit was put upon the table, she asked if she might go to her sister?

Her Papa said no, her sister was not worthy of her company; but Mademoiselle perceiving the uneasiness of *Fanny*, joined in the request, and obtained permission.

When she had left the room, her Mamma said it was impossible that child should have quick feelings, as her sister had been trying to make mischief and bring blame upon her, and now *Fanny* seemed to have forgotten it entirely.

She has no feelings of resentment, replied Mademoiselle: she is not petulant when she is accused, nor impatient when she is injured: she has no idea of Self; but her sensibility, where Self is not concerned, is exquisite.

Oh! (cries Mr. *Blake*) that dear girl is a pattern to us all. I fear she is too near my heart, and this fresh proof of her excellence astonishes me.

George,

George, you love your sister *Fanny*, do not you? —Why, Papa, says *George*, if it had not been for *Fanny*, I should not have taken the part of squinting *Peg*, for which you praised me so. I love *Fanny* better than any body, Papa, except my dear Mamina and you; and Mademoiselle next.

You shall have another peach for this, cried Mr. *Blake*: you are an honest little fellow, and *shall* ride round the park before me to-morrow.

As soon as *Fanny* reached her sister's door, she first knocked, and then unlocked it.

Miss *Blake* supposed she was come to insult her; but before she could indulge this unkind thought, *Fanny* flung herself into her arms, and shewed so much sympathy in her manner, that her sister was convinced and surprised at her goodness.

Miss *Blake* told her how falsely she had been accused of listening on the stairs by Mademoiselle; and that she was so unhappy, that she had not the power of vindicating herself: she asked with anxiety if *Peggy* had been seen since; but at the same time spoke of Mademoiselle with indignation, and of the scullion with contempt.

Fanny in vain attempted to bring her mind to a better frame in this respect; penetrated as she was by her generosity, she protested she should always think herself ill treated by Mademoiselle and her Papa; she was not a baby she said now; but what hurt her most was, to be condemned without being heard.

Fanny

Fanny told her she had fixed upon a scheme which would quite reconcile them to her. She replied, she did not want to be reconciled: but it is a thing, says *Fanny*, which will prove to them you are not so proud and hard-hearted as you appear. After entreaties on *Fanny's* side, and promises on her sister's, who was affected at the kindness of her behaviour, she agreed to the scheme, which was to admit *Peggy*, ragged and dirty as she was, to be her companion in the chamber. *Fanny* brought her up in her tatters, and after locking them in (for her Papa charged her to lock the door again before she had leave to go to her) she tripped down stairs to the parlour to relate this matter, with the lightest heart that ever beat within the bosom of innocence.

END of SCENE the FOURTH.

SCENE

SCENE the FIFTH.

F E A R.

ONE evening it happened that Mrs. *Denby* staid out to supper, which was a very uncommon thing, for she took great delight in the company of *Edward* and *Maria*, after the lessons of the day were over, and by constantly joining in their little sports, she sent them to-bed every night happy and contented.

This evening she did not return home till late, and her first inquiry, (as usual) was, if the children had been good, had been cheerful, and had gone up in proper time.

Whilst the servant was answering these questions quite to her satisfaction, Mrs. *Denby* heard the most violent scream from the nursery: it was the voice of *Maria*.

She flew up the stairs, too much terrified to speak; it was some time before *Maria* was sensible that her Mamma was by her: at last, when she discerned by the light of the candle that it was *her*, she thus began:

MARIA,

MARIA.

Oh Mamma! Mamma! that figure! that dreadful figure!

Mrs. DENBY.

What, my dear child, do you mean? there is nothing here but me.

MARIA.

Indeed, indeed, there was!—it vanished as you came in:—it was a tall black thing against the wall: *Edward* saw it from his bed too.

EDWARD.

Yes, I did, Mamma, and would have jumped out to see what it was; but *Maria* squalled so loud, I thought there was something besides what I saw.

Mrs. DENBY.

My dears, it was your fancy!

MARIA.

But I ventured to undraw my curtain, Mamma, and it dwindled down, as if it stooped, and then I put my head under the cloaths, and squeezed in my eyes; for I could not, indeed I could not bear to see it: and after a great while I looked again, and Oh, Mamma, there it was!

Mrs. DENBY.

A mere shadow, my dear, on the opposite wainscot; I will put the candle aside, and you will be convinced.

MARIA.

Pray, pray, Mamma, do not!

Mrs. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

But I will sit down by your bed side, and take hold of your hand, and we will look at it together.

You know I would not deceive you! it was some reflection from the light of the moon, every object seems black at night, and if you approach it, lessens;—how you tremble, my love!—and *Edward*, I thought you had been more of a man than to be frightened too!

EDWARD.

Why, *Maria* told me, Mamma, it was a spirit.

Mrs. DENBY.

A spirit! who could put such a notion in your head, my poor *Maria*?

MARIA.

Mamma, after you went out, we drank our tea in the kitchen with the maids, and *Jenny* says there are such things, and we both sat down round the fire, to know what sort of shape they had, and we begged her to tell us about them to-night, before we went to-bed, and so she did, and I am sure *this* was one.

Mrs. DENBY.

Jenny shall not stay for telling you any such stories; you must not believe a word of this stuff.

MARIA.

But, Mamma, you say there are Angels in another world, and it is the same thing.

Mrs. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

Yes, my love: but Angels are benevolent, kind guardians to little children: they watch over you while you sleep, and preserve you from every danger when you are awake; but they do not appear to you till you become one yourself, and would never take that frightful silly appearance of a *tall black thing* at the side of your bed.

MARIA.

But spirits are not Angels, Mamma.

Mrs. DENBY.

You may call them what you please, my dear: there are evil angels as well as good; but those who pray to our Saviour are kept from the evil ones: not that you could see them with your bodily eyes; this is not the way they seduce people, but they tempt them to be angry, discontented, forgetful of their duty, and incline them to be thieves, and liars, and every thing bad.

You, my children are, I trust, the particular care of the good spirits; you love to hear of God, and prayed to him this very night "to deliver you from evil."

EDWARD.

No, Mamma, indeed we did not; and *Maria* thinks this was the reason we were so disturbed.

Mrs. DENBY.

My dearest children, how came it that both of you omitted your prayers?

MARIA.

MARIA.

I was so taken up, Mamma, with the dreadful stories of the spirits, it never entered my mind till I got into bed, and then I was afraid to rise in the dark to say them; besides, I soon saw that terrible figure, and I did not know what to do!

EDWARD.

I forgot it quite, Mamma, too; for I should not have cared for the dark; besides, I fell asleep in a moment, I believe, and *Maria* did not wake me at first.

Mrs. DENBY.

I am no longer surprised at your fears, my children, and even in the midst of these, you see how strongly your neglect of duty was brought to your recollection.

If we forget to call upon our heavenly Father, we have no resource in our troubles, no strength in our terrors: we have not power even to resist even the silliest fancies.

Besides, how ungrateful it was, after a day of so many blessings, to go to sleep without returning him thanks: without acknowledging one of his mercies!

EDWARD.

But, Mamma, though it was very wrong I know, what blessings did we receive to-day more than yesterday?

Mrs. DENBY.

Every day you receive them, my love; and
G
alas!

alas! this is the reason you forget them all. You live in constant plenty: you are not forced to labour for your bread, as poor little *Tommy Bradley* is, whom you see so often passing by the window with heavy logs of wood on his shoulders, carrying them for a surly master, who swears at the poor child for not making more haste, when he is ready to sink under the weight. And there is a *Nanny Smith*, not ten years old herself, hired to nurse two great babies for only her victuals at the green-stall yonder.

Several are yet worse off: are left to beg in the street; some are blind, others deprived of their limbs, or are crooked, and loathsome objects to look upon.

I cannot sum up half the privileges you enjoy: my tenderness for you; the care that is taken of your education, your health, and your pleasures; every accident which you are preserved from is a blessing: once, when you were playing together, you, *Maria*, had like to have run a scissars into your eye. Another time you fell down stairs, and only grazed your arm a little. *Edward* narrowly escaped being kicked by a horse in crossing the street a fortnight ago. Yesterday the urn had like to have overset, and we must all then have been scalded. Oh, my dears! the goodness of Providence ought to be impressed more deeply on your hearts!

MARIA.

MARIA.

Then, Mamma, you think we did see a *Spirit*, to punish our disobedience?

Mrs. DENBY.

No such thing, *Maria*:—the Almighty God is too gracious and kind to frighten children out of their wits by way of punishment. Whatever omissions we are guilty of, He is not a severe revengeful master; but the most tender parent, the most indulgent friend to all of us. Never picture him to yourself as harsh, and extreme to mark what you do amiss; for then, you can never serve him as you ought, nor take delight in his commandments.

It is by LOVE that he reproaches our ingratitude, heaps fresh favours upon us to engage our hearts to approach him, and promises to receive us after all our offences and faults, not as rebellious creatures, but dear children, if we come unto him.

MARIA.

But, Mamma, what could it be that I saw?—Indeed I did not fancy—

Mrs. DENBY.

Your mind was filled with the idle tales you had just heard in the kitchen: you had not power to move and examine, or even to rise and repeat your prayers, which you knew, my love, was your duty. You felt remorse upon this account, and when some opposite shade cast on one part of the

room made it appear as if there was a figure on the other, you concluded it must be one of those phantoms which the foolish maid had talked to you about.

Now, in the first instance, you behaved wrong, for it was always my positive orders, that you should never go into the kitchen, much less drink tea there. Your maid should have attended you in your proper place, the parlour; then you would not have heard any of these lies. How could you sit down with the three servants round the fire?—Did you forget my injunctions?

MARIA.

Our maid, Mamma, wanted to finish the ironing, so we asked if we might come to her?—

EDWARD.

Yes, *Maria*; but you know we begged to drink tea with them there.

Mrs. DENBY.

Well, you have sufficiently suffered for it, and I think will take warning. I never bid you do any thing that was not for your good, and you must perceive, that if you had attended to my commands in the present instance, you would not have terrified yourselves and me in such a manner this evening.

Now we will search into the cause of it all.

(Mrs. Denby puts the candle out of the room.)

MARIA.

There, Mamma, there it is! that is the place it stood in.

Mrs. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

(After looking about, takes down a cloak which hang upon a peg.)

See what it is, *Maria!* a cloak only! this is the tall black thing! the dreadful figure!

Now come towards it: you see it seems to dwindle, as you call it: are you convinced?

MARIA.

Yes, Mamma, and I will say my prayers, if you please; for I am sure I should not have minded it so if I had not neglected them.

EDWARD.

I hope, Mamma, God will forgive us?

Mrs. DENBY.

My dear, have you forgot that I have told you, how much kinder the supreme Being is than all the mothers in the world can be. You disobeyed me this evening, yet you have no doubt of my pardon and continued care of you: the universal Parent loves you better than I ever did, or could do: he sees our infirmities with pity, and none of our offences prevent him from showering down his benefits upon us: not that you ought to make light of any omission of duty: there is great evil and great danger in it; for, by little and little, you lose all sense of what is right, and all belief of what is good.

Miserable are those people who receive every mark of providential favour, every instance of in-

exhaustible bounty, without feeling the one, or acknowledging the other.

Prayer is the only mean of preserving divine impressions in your memory, and fixing them in your minds. Be watchful then over yourselves, my dear children, for the future! but at the same time remember, you cannot commit a greater fault than to distrust the GOODNESS which is infinite, that LOVE which is eternal!

END of SCENE the FIFTH.

SCENE

SCENE the SIXTH.

S I C K N E S S.

IT is now time to return to Mr. *Blake's* family: we left Miss *Blake* in disgrace: by the kind representation of her sister *Fanny*, she was soon restored into favour; but her Papa determined she should continue at home, and finish her education with Mademoiselle.

Mrs. *Blake* violently opposed this resolution; she said he had no right to deprive her child of a fortune for the sake of a girl picked up in the street; and her aunt had made it a condition that she should live with her; if she was not a woman of the strictest principles, the case would be different; but Mr. *Blake* knew, as well as she did, that her sister had always conducted herself in the first circles, with honour and virtue, and it was quite ridiculous to prevent her niece from returning to her, merely that she might imbibe sentiments of enthusiastic benevolence and romantic charity!

Besides, she would be in a situation where these would expose her to derision, unless his daughter was designed for a devotée. As to *Fanny*, it was quite another thing: she had no beauty; humility would be essential to her happiness, and fortitude, perhaps,

perhaps, to her sphere in life; she was perfectly sensible of the value of Mademoiselle's abilities and worth; but really, Miss *Blake* was not the kind of girl that needed her indefatigable attentions.

Mr. *Blake* viewed the matter in a more serious light; a meek temper he esteemed a greater blessing than wealth, and an elevated mind, a better distinction than fashion: he did not indeed so much wish his daughter should be rich, as learn the use of riches, and he would rather she should lose an estate than be unworthy to enjoy it.

In short, he was not to be shaken in his purpose, and Mrs. *Blake*, who had never seen her husband so positive before, consoled herself with writing an account of the whole to her sister at *Bath*. When Miss *Blake* understood she was for the future to be under the government of Mademoiselle, she was enraged—she was mortified—she wept—she expostulated—she entreated to be sent to school instead: she told her Mamma that she disliked Mademoiselle more than any body in the world: she was certain that she always should dislike her: besides, what had she to learn? She already spoke *French*; she could read *Italian*; as to music, Mademoiselle, with all her skill, was not equal to a master. Oh! she was the most wretched creature in the world! Pray, was she to live in the nursery too, and under the same restraints as her little brother and sister?

Mrs. *Blake* was not in the best humour at this time,

time, and gave her very little hope of an agreeable situation with her governess; nay, she assured her, as it was her Papa's will to keep her at home, she should not interfere any more in the matter; but let him take the consequence, which she supposed would be losing a very large fortune; and as to Mademoiselle's tuition and punishments, her indulgencies and restraints, she never interested herself in, or counter-acted them.

But why, Mamma, will you keep her? (cries Miss *Blake*.) If you sent her away, my Papa would not be so odd and inexorable, and you could soon get as complete a *French* teacher, you know, and I should not mind being under any tutorefs excepting her.

Mrs. *Blake* said, there was not so accomplished a woman to be found, who was so well born too, and her salary was low, and besides, she properly kept up authority, and this was what every person should do who undertook the education of children.

I see, Mamma, (answered Miss *Blake* pertly) you put the blame on my Papa; but it is all your own.

Provoked at her insolence, her Mamma bid her go out of the room, adding, It was high time (she now perceived) to keep that spirit in subjection.

When Miss *Blake* went up stairs to Mademoiselle, she expected to lead the most terrible life; but she was agreeably mistaken; Mademoiselle had the art of engaging the affections of young people in a singular manner: she well knew there was no permanent good to be derived from mere authority. If children

dren regard their teachers with fear, they will hate them, they will exert every effort to deceive their vigilance, catch every opportunity to avoid their company. She had observed that Miss *Blake*, with all her boasting, was extremely ignorant: though she pronounced *French* well, she could not translate a page without half a dozen blunders in it; she read *Italian*; but scarcely understood the song she sung; of Geography she had a mere smattering, and in arithmetic she was a dunce.

Now, to have pointed out all her deficiencies at once would have greatly irritated, or quite discouraged her. Mademoiselle fixed upon a plan which succeeded admirably: she set *Fanny* to correct her translations, to teach her the use of the globes, to bring her on in arithmetic, and to read *Metastasio*.

Now many younger sisters would have given themselves airs on such an occasion; but Mademoiselle had long studied the disposition of her little deputy: she knew the peculiar excellence of *Fanny* was, to rejoice in the excellence of another, to point it out, and see it applauded.

In a short time she had this pleasure in regard to her sister, who (to the astonishment of herself) was perfectly happy under Mademoiselle; she had so many amusing histories, which she related to her young audience, so good-natured a manner of conveying instruction, that Miss *Blake* did not wish to go to *Bath* again. She had acquired a habit of employment, a taste for reading, a desire of knowledge,

ledge, which made the day seem short, and the month pass like a day.

Peggy, the poor girl who had been the cause of all this, was still in the house, and her gratitude was testified throughout her whole behaviour; she was useful in the laundry, in the kitchen, and in the garden; she milked the cows, churned the butter, and took care of the poultry occasionally. *George* and *Emma* begged they might teach her to read, and the progress which she made in a short time was surprizing. *Fanny* undertook to make her cloaths, and *Miss Blake* assisted each of them with pleasure; so much was she altered by good advice and good example.

Bridget and *George* too were good friends: they had had but one skirmish since the long lecture of *Mademoiselle*; and that was about a hat; he had a new one, with a gold band, and when it was tried on, he looked so beautiful in it, and his sisters admired him so much, that forsooth, he would go out and walk, and shew it to the neighbourhood the very first day. *Bridget* would not permit any such thing, and it seemed as if it would rain too, and she had no notion of his wearing his new hat till *Sunday*. *Miss Blake* happening to laugh at this, and say it was truly vulgar to put fine things on because it was *Sunday*. *George* persisted in going out, and out he went by himself: but not with his hat, on his head; for before he could run down stairs *Bridget* had twirled it off!

He

He was going to resent this indignity, as he thought, properly; but meeting *Fanny* on the way, she convinced him in a moment how silly it was to parade about, merely to shew a gold band, at the same time the footman would not go with him without orders, and it would reach the ears of Mademoiselle: these reasons induced him to come quietly back, and make his peace with *Bridget* before she complained of him; and it was well he did, for *Bridget* was not famed for keeping a secret long, and was mightily offended at Miss *Blake* for taking his part, as she called it. *Fanny*, however, whose delight it was to make people love one another, pacified and reconciled all parties. *George* saw his new hat put up in the box without a sigh, and Miss *Blake* protested she did not mean to ridicule *Bridget*, but *Sunday* finery; whilst *Bridget*, as happy in pleasing *Fanny* as in gaining her point, was in perfect good-humour, and brought out of the china pantry a pound of gingerbread, and a jar of tamarinds, which *Fanny* begged, that *Peggy* also might partake of; and *George* had the honour of carrying it to her.

One day Mademoiselle observed *Emma* stand shivering by the fire; on looking more closely at her, she thought she looked very ill all on a sudden, and taking her hand found her pulse beat high and irregular: just then *Bridget* brought an account that a fever raged in the village, and that three people had died of it in two days.

This

This alarmed Mademoiselle, who, on consulting Mr. *Blake*, sent for the doctor: as soon as he came he pronouncad *Emma's* disorder to be of an infectious nature, and desired she might be removed to another apartment: but this precaution was too late: *George* and Miss *Blake* were seized the next day with similar symptoms, and *Fanny* prohibited from seeing them.

It is not easy to describe her distress at this circumstance; every argument which she had ever heard used by Mademoiselle on the duty of visiting the sick, this amiable child urged to her governess and Papa, with a warmth which she had never shewn on any occasion before.

Why will you refuse me, said she, what you call the highest privilege in the world, the greatest consolation, the most affectionate office?

My brother and sister want my attendance, they will miss it: Oh, Mademoiselle! you know they claim it!

Her Papa reminded her that *Bridget* took as much care of them as if they were her own children, and they had all the tenderness, as well as assistance, which could be shewn.

Oh, no, replied *Fanny*, I could amuse them in a thousand little ways which nobody else could think of. I am so used to be their playmate too, and now they are confined to one room, and low-spirited, and parched up with a fever, to be forsaken by their sister!

Mademoiselle represented the danger of it, and also told her that *Peggy* was with them to divert and play with them. And, says *Fanny*, will you let a poor child, Papa, who has no friend, run a greater risk than me? her life is of the same value, and we took her under our protection! surely this is not just!—do not the servants also stand in equal danger! think, dear Mademoiselle, what you so often tell us, that we must never omit our duty for any fear of bad consequences!

Mademoiselle answered, that this was *not* her duty, and there would be greater hazard of her taking the infection than of *Peggy's*, as she was apt to take every epidemical disorder; this was not the case with *Peggy*, who neither caught the measles, small-pox, or hooping-cough, when all the children of the parish school were sick about her.

Mademoiselle moreover added, that though this affection was extremely amiable and engaging, she must not be obstinate; and as it was the will of her Papa, as well as the injunction of the doctor, that she should not enter their apartment, she ought to submit with readiness.

Fanny had been too long accustomed to give up her own will, to make any further resistance; but she never obeyed with so little pleasure in her life: indeed she submitted without being convinced, and though it was without murmur, it was evidently with chagrin.

Mrs. *Blake* was exceedingly terrified at *George* being

being taken ill; she tired the physician with inquiries and questions which it was impossible for any mortal to decide: she fatigued the poor child with toys and trinkets, and shewed so much more anxiety for him than Miss *Blake*, that Miss *Blake* was half jealous: the third day the fever took a favourable turn, and they were pronounced out of danger when *Fanny* sickened.

Ill as she was, she expressed the most lively satisfaction on their assuring her she should now be brought into her sister's apartment; *Bridget* carried her there, for she was too weak to walk; the meeting between them all was quite affecting.—Ah! cried *Fanny*, I can now be of no use to any body! you have gone through the worst without me: I would have waited on you, dear sister, I would have nursed you, *George*! I would have played with *Emma*! and now I am too feeble to help myself!

Bridget entreated her not to exert herself, and indeed she could not, for she fainted away as soon as she had spoken. The children were greatly struck, and poor *Peggy*, who had just entered the room, sobbed so loud, that *Bridget* sent her out again in a hurry, and bid her do more good than that came to, and call Mademoiselle.

She came, and found all her fortitude was necessary on this occasion: when *Fanny* opened her eyes, she seemed to have no anxiety but to remove theirs! said she was better, felt but little pain, and attempted to be cheerful.

She took the most nauseous medicines without reluctance, made no complaint, betrayed no impatience. Mademoiselle sat up with her; she was restless, and drew her breath short and uneasily: Miss *Blake*, who slept in the next bed, rose quietly to look at her; she pulled back the curtain so softly, that she was not perceived by Mademoiselle.

The light of the lamp threw a glare on the pale countenance of *Fanny*; it was sweet, but death-like: at this moment every endearing recollection came to her mind; she thought that her sister would die, and, afflicted beyond the power of words, her deep sighs startled *Fanny*, as soon as she saw who it was, she stretched out her hand, attempting, but in vain, to speak, whilst Miss *Blake* hid her face, covered with tears, upon her pillow.

Mademoiselle was penetrated at the scene, and but gently reproved this instance of sensibility.

My dear, said she, we must not indulge grief which is useless; it distresses our little patient, and she will be longer in recovering.

I hope soon—Mademoiselle was going to add, she will be well; but she did not hope, she only wished it, and her voice trembled too much for her to trust it with Words.

When morning came, *George*, who had had an excellent night, called out vociferously for some currant jelly.

Bridget told him his poor sister would be disturbed if he made such a halloo! why, I see my sister walking about, cries he— Ah!

Ah! but your sister *Fanny*—Where is she, *Bridget*? in that bed. *George* had quite forgot it; but he made ample amends by his care afterwards: he ate his jelly as quietly as possible, put the spoon into the saucer without the least noise, spoke in a whisper, and permitted himself to be dressed and lifted off the bed by *Bridget*.

Mademoiselle beckoned him to take a peep at *Fanny*: she was awake—she made a motion for him to come and kiss her, asked for *Peggy*, for *Emma*, for her Papa and Mamma, and seemed to revive a little. Mrs. *Blake* just then accompanied the doctor in: he led Mademoiselle aside, advised her to send the rest of the children back to the nursery again, and feared there would be a sudden change in a short time.

Mrs. *Blake* did not hear what he said; but she saw him shake his head: she saw the lamb-like sweetness of the dying child: some unkindnesses and slights occurred to her memory with bitter aggravations: she had not known, had not estimated her value; and she was about to lose her for ever!

END of SCENE the SIXTH.

SCENE the SEVENTH.

CONCLUSION.

Mrs. DENBY, MARIA, and EDWARD.

Mrs. DENBY.

MY dear *Maria*, you must not cry in this manner; your friend is happy, and I was going to relate to you both some particulars of her death; but you are not composed enough to hear me.

MARIA (*sobbing.*)

Yes, I am, Mamma; but this was the very evening she promised to drink tea with us, and now—she is—she is—

Mrs. DENBY.

She is in heaven, my love, and you are lamenting it; I see I must leave my account to another opportunity.

EDWARD.

Pray do not, Mamma. *Maria*, you will recover yourself, will you not?

MARIA.

Mamma, if you will begin I am sure I shall be better.

Mrs. DENBY.

Mrs. DENBY.

You have heard, my dear, that the fever went through Mr. *Blake's* family, and that *Fanny* died of it: her patience in illness was very remarkable: she never uttered a hasty word, or complained of her sufferings, though they appeared to those about her to be at times great. A little before her death she desired to see a poor girl, whom, it seems, she was the means of rescuing from misery, and had persuaded her Papa to admit into the house.

EDWARD.

Mamma, that was *Peg*, whom the boys at the charity school used to hunt down. *Tom Sinclair* told me of the good luck she had.

Mrs. DENBY.

I hope, *Edward*, you never encouraged him to run after her!

EDWARD.

I, Mamma!—never in my life! besides *Tom* was not amongst them.

MARIA.

I wish you would let Mamma go on *Edward*.

Mrs. DENBY.

When *Peggy* was come, she earnestly reminded her of the Providence which brought her to such a situation: you will never come to want *Peggy*, says she, if you act as you always have done. God has rewarded your honesty already, and he will give his blessing on a grateful heart:—be industrious and humble: Papa will be kind to you, and my

my dear sister too will be your friend; Miss *Blake* knelt by the side of the bed, and promised she would with great affection.

Fanny then addressed her: "You will be a comfort to Papa and Mamma, and dear Mademoiselle: you must not let them grieve for me, if I should die of this fever.—Where are *George* and *Emma*?"

Bridget feared that her strength was nearly exhausted, she begged she would not speak any more.

Bridget, replied she, you must permit me to speak a little longer; you used to love to hear me talk!

Poor *Bridget*, with tears in her eyes, brought the children to her. *Emma*, *George*, she continued (in broken accents) I am very happy, though I am so bad: Oh! what comforts do I enjoy, which the poor, who are now sick with the same fever, are deprived of. I have every thing to take which I could wish! servants, and friends, and relations to attend me! You must all ask dear Papa to send some food and physick to the sick people round, and when you again go out, I am sure you will rejoice to carry jellies and other nice things to those poor destitute creatures."

Mademoiselle, who sat by, could hardly bear it, and the children were overcome with grief: they took their mournful adieu, and as they went out, she prayed God to bless them.

She then addressed Mademoiselle and *Bridget*:

"I do not believe I shall ever get up again, and though you have not told me so, I think I shall die ;

die; but I am not afraid, for I shall go to heaven, because I love our Saviour; and if I had my choice, would rather die than live any longer here, though you are all very good to me.

My poor Mamma grieved me to day, for she said she had not been kind enough to me; but I am sure she has: it was her kindness which had me instructed by you, Mademoiselle: if I should not see her again, pray thank her from me, and do not forget to comfort her. She then affectionately kissed *Bridget* and Mademoiselle, expressed her obligations to them over and over, and repeating her prayers, fell into a sweet dose.

Her Papa entering the room soon after, Mademoiselle gave him to understand he must not speak to her: he just opened the curtain, and saw a change—a happy change indeed there was! the dear creature had breathed her last, but so easily, that they could not tell the moment.

Such was the peaceful end of the best little girl we ever knew!

Let her virtues, my children, be engraven on your hearts: imitate her meek and placid temper, her obedience, her humility.

Though she was destitute of external advantages, her mind was beautiful, her understanding cultivated, and her manners amiable. Her life indeed was short, but it was neither useless or inactive: she crowded every kind of excellence into twelve years; duty to her parents, strong attachment to her brother

brother and sisters, gratitude to her governess, tenderness to servants, and eminent love for the poor.

I had flattered myself, that in her I had found a future friend for my *Maria*:—you were sensible of her merits, my love, as far as you were able to judge of them, and you feel your loss; but you must not bewail it to excess, for she is happier than you can ever be, till you go to her.

You no longer enjoy her society, but she has left you her example, and her MEMORY—yes! your tears tell me so—her MEMORY will be dear to you.

EDWARD (*wiping his eyes.*)

Does every body die so easy, Mamma?

Mrs. DENBY.

Few people, my dear, I believe, are sensible of what they feel at such a period.

EDWARD.

But it must be very dreadful, Mamma, when our soul goes out of our body.

Mrs. DENBY.

It is dreadful to the wicked, because they go to receive their punishment; but not to the good, who are conducted by Angels to their Father which is in heaven.

EDWARD.

What kind of place is heaven, Mamma?

Mrs. DENBY.

We read in scripture, that it is a kingdom of glory: a place of light, and joy, and splendor: it is sometimes described as everlasting mansions; at others,

others, as regions of peace and love, where we shall enjoy eternal life; all these expressions are suited to our low capacities, for we are also informed, that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath prepared for those that love him.

EDWARD.

But how do we know we shall go there when we die?

MRS. DENBY.

Our Saviour has assured us, that where he is, there shall his servants be: if we love him and keep his commandments (which indeed is the great proof of it) we never need feel any dejection, or indulge any gloomy fears when we come to die.

We are perpetually reminded in his holy word to believe he is gracious, to trust in him; and that God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to die for us.

Confidence in his mercy does not lessen that reverential awe which impresses every reflecting mind, when it contemplates the supreme Being. It well becomes weak and unworthy creatures to humble themselves to the dust before his glorious Majesty, and if he had not been pleased to reveal himself to us under a character more suited to our feeble frames, we could only have worshipped him trembling.

But he *has* revealed himself to us, and in the
most

most endearing relations—as father, husband, brother, friend !

We are expressly told he is a God of Love, and he took our nature upon him to evince it.

The manner in which the righteous shall be received when they leave this world has also been recorded in parables for our comfort.

Lazarus is carried by Angels into *Abraham's* bosom : the upright steward is greeted in these words : “ Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.” And those who relieve the poor, visit the sick, and clothe the naked, hear this sentence pronounced by their divine Master, “ Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world !”

You, my dear children will, I trust, be of this happy number, and redeemed from all misery, from all evil, re-join your little friend in those realms of purity and peace, where all tears are wiped away from all faces, and there is no more pain, or sorrow, or death !

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